Jeremias Redivivus:

OR,

AN ELEGIACALL LAMENTATION

ON

The Death of our *ENGLISH JOSIAS*, *CHARLES* the FIRST,

King of *Great Britaine*, &c.

Publiquely Murdered by His Calvino-Judaicall *SUBJECTS.*

—Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssis
Temperet à lachrymis?——

Printed in the Yeare, 1649.

AN ELEGIE

Upon KING CHARLES *the First, Murthered publickly by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by ſacred bloud,
It might be drown'd in this prodigious floud;
VVhich reaſons higheſt ground doth ſo exceed,
It leaves my *Soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
VVhere my *Faith* reſting on th' *Originall*,
Supports it ſelf in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reaſons caſt away in this *Red floud*,
*W*hich ne'r o'reflowes us all: Thoſe ſhowers paſt
Made but Land-flouds, which did ſome vallies waſt;
This ſtroke hath cut the only neck of land,
VVhich beetween us, and this *Red Sea* did ſtand,
That covers now our world, which curſed lies
At once with two of *Ægypts* prodigies;

O'recaſt with *darkneſſe*, and with bloud o'rerun,
And juſtly, ſince our hearts have theirs out-done;
Th' inchanter led them to a leſſe known ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
*W*hich crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Formes, left but privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hels State, of fire without light:
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
VVaſhing their Loyall hearts frō bloud ſo ſhed;
The which deſerves, each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*.
Let nought then paſſe for *Muſick*, but ſad cries;
For *Beauty*, blood-les cheeks, & bloud-ſhot eyes.
All colours ſoile, but black; all odours have
Ill ſent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Few*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made, by a Religious touch
Of this *Dead Body*; whom to judge to die
Seemes the Iudaicall impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:

But

But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine;
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like, the ſooner hee'l be ſent
Out of that body, He would ſtill torment:
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this blood,
Deteſt the Act, yet turne it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
VVe eas'ly may the world and death deſpiſe:
Death had no ſting for Him, and its ſharp arme,
Onely of all the troop, meant Him no harme.
And ſo He look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
VVeapon yet left, to guard Him to His Throne;
In His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory;
If this our loſſe a comfort can admit,
Tis that his narrowed *Crowne* was grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, ſince his diſtreſſe
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſſe;
His *Crown* was falne unto too low a thing
For Him, who was become ſo great a *King*:

So the ſame hands enthron'd him in that *Crowne*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd downe.
And thus Gods Truth by thẽ hath rendred more,
Then ere mens falſhood promis'd to reſtore;
VVhich, ſince by death alone, he could attaine,
VVas yet exempt frõ weakneſſe, & from paine;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make His paſſage quick, ne're move His heart
VVhich ev'n expiring, was ſo far frõdeath,
It ſeem'd but to command away His breath.
And thus His *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and bloud; and from the higheſt line
Of humane virtue, paſs'd to be Divine:
Nor is't much leſſe His virtues to relate,
Then the high glories of His preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts, but of belief;
Silence may praiſe the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Then Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe:
I'le only wiſh, that for His Elegie,
This our *Joſias*, had a *Jeremie*.

FINIS.